

[Richie's Journal]

November 29th, 1941

I just saw him off and already I miss him like a lost limb. Part of me wishes I had been called up too, just so I could be there with him. He said not to worry, that it'd be no time at all until his time was up, but I know he was just saying that for my sake.

We're going to get dragged into that mess sooner or later, and I might lose him forever. And so soon after finding him again. I don't know if I would survive that...

Beverly is taking me out to dinner tonight... I suppose I'll need to neaten up else the papers will be talking about her date with a sad hobo.

[Crossed out content]

[Eddie's Journal]

November 30th, 1941

Thought I forgot this, but looks like someone slipped it in my bag before I left. Thanks Rich.

So far the army is a hell of a lot of being poked and prodded followed by a whole lot of paperwork. Had to fill out a card about how little I've actually worked so far which is pretty embarrassing to be completely honest. I didn't realize how much I relied on Richie until now and I can't say I like it. I will have to work on changing that once I can get back home.

Training starts tomorrow. I'll have to wrap this up so I can try and get a good night's sleep.

[Letter from Eddie]

Dec 1st 1941

Rich,

Sorry I haven't written yet, they've been keeping us really busy. With the way things are going, we'll be fighting in the war before the year is done.

But let's not talk about that just yet; I've met a few interesting characters here, including one from near our old hometown. His name is William Denbrough, although he's fine being called Bill. I think you'd like him. Maybe if we ever get the chance we can go out for a drink together.

Basic is otherwise uneventful, save for all the drills and training. I find myself wondering at times what you would say at this or that. I cannot say I enjoy your shadow presence in my head without getting to see the real thing too.

I know it seems sappy, missing a friend this much, but I suppose I do. There's little enough in to laugh about at the moment, but you always find a way.

I told someone I was friends with you, and they replied 'that pretty boy actor?' and I almost debated not telling you, least your ego grow any larger. But I feel proud that complete strangers know your name.

I must cut this short soon, but I didn't get the chance to thank you before I left. I think that was one of the best birthdays I've had yet. I only regret it will take me some time to return the favor.

Always in Friendship,

Eddie

[Eddie's Journal]

December 2nd, 1941

It really is a small world sometimes. It turns out my one bunkmate is from Maine, right around where I lived as a kid! I absolutely had to tell Richie about him, and wrote a quick letter yesterday.

Training has been exhausting, and the talk is going around that we will be in the war before the year ends. It's cast a gloomy mood over everyone in the bunk I feel, and it's been quieter than I expected.

But I guess not much to do but train and sit around and wait.

[Letter from Richie]

December 6th, 1941

Eddie!

Billy Denbrough really?! I cannot believe it, he was my friend after you moved away! A small world indeed. Does he still have that stutter? How is his little brother doing? Did he ever grow any taller? I think he's even shorter than you! Please be free in giving him my address if he wants, this is a treat!

I hope you aren't being run into the ground by those officers. Try not to go ape on them if they do push you too hard, I remember how you were when we were boys, don't forget.

I miss your grouching in the morning, my friend. The house is a bit too big without my roommate taking up his space. I hope the time you are away passes quickly.

Beverly misses you too, she wanted me to add. And she warns you must return in one piece or the consequences will be dire. Make of that what you will.

Perhaps I can send you a signed photograph to impress your new friends next time. Until then...

All The Best,

Richie

[Richie's Journal]

December 6th, 1941

I can't believe this. Billy is in the army, and with Eddie no less! Two of my old friends, meeting for the first time, and I missed it! Oh I wonder how Bill has been. I hope his brother is well. Georgie was such a sweet kid, and with a good sense of humor too. Always laughed at my jokes.

And to think I was going to spend the day moping about, now I'm in such a mood I might have to go out tonight. Maybe see if Stan wants to do dinner, if he's not busy writing. Guy needs a break every once in awhile to keep the juices going.

But first, I have to write Eds back.

[Eddie's Journal/Richie's Journal]

December 7th, 1941

Suppose we're at war now.

December 7th, 1941

Fuck.

[Eddie's Journal]

December 8th, 1941

Now instead of six months it will be until the end of the war plus six months. I can only hope that isn't too long, there are a number of things I will miss from home...

[Letter from Eddie]

Dec 13th, 1941

Richie,

I suppose by the time you read this letter the news will be old but we are now at war with Germany and Italy as well as Japan. Not sure where I'll end up once basic is over, but I'm guessing it won't be back home for a while. I'm sorry.

You and Beverly and Stan need to try not to worry so much, okay? At least I'm not alone completely, with your old friend Bill here. I'll make sure he writes to you too, even if your letters get annoying.

I'll keep writing as often as I can as well. But the mood has changed now, and it seems everyone is more determined, so I don't know how much that will be. But don't let that keep you from writing to me, telling me about all the movies you're making.

Again, please don't worry about me. I will be home in one piece, like I swore I would back then. I remember that night.

Yours,

Eddie

[Richie's Journal]

December 14th, 1941

Spent the day yesterday with Beverly and Stan. A nice little get together that ended with my head in her lap as I sobbed.

Not sure how I will make to New Years, let alone the day he finally comes home...

But Stan is letting us visit this evening, to celebrate Hanukkah with him. Stan is the best.

[Richie's Journal]

December 20th, 1941

Studio is struggling again. The war isn't going to help things. Curtis quit in order to enlist, and I've heard other directors have done the same.

Also saw some punks harassing Mrs. Umeki at her shop. Was able to scare them off without a fight thankfully. Still, I told her that if they came back she could call me. It's the least I could do.

[Eddie's Journal]

December 20th, 1941

I haven't written in here for a few weeks. Didn't have much to write about I suppose. Training has been rough, thinking about home has been rougher still. It is almost Christmas, and I was hoping this year would be a warmer one than in the past. It appears it won't be for some time now.

I am having trouble writing a letter home. I want to try and spread some cheer but it's hard to fake it. Maybe I will think of something after talking with Bill...

[Letter from Eddie]

December 20th, 1941

Rich,

I miss you.

And Beverly and Stan, of course.

It's the first Christmas in years I'll spend away from you all, and it feels wrong. Like I am spending it without family. Although Christmas with family before was never as bright as the ones with you.

In a way, you all are my true family. I know I like you much better than her.

I can't think of much to say other than to repeat that I miss you.

Wishing You Warmth,
Eddie

[Richie's Journal/Eddie's Journal]

December 24th, 1941

Tomorrow is Christmas. Considering going to mass tonight for the first time since moving out here. The things war does to a man.

December 25th, 1941

Merry Christmas. My only wish is to be home, but that is not to be. I hope he's not too disappointed. There is so much I wish I could say, but in such a crowded space I can't. I'll have to keep it inside until I can say it in person.

Please hold out until then.

[Richie's Journal/Eddie's Journal]

December 31st, 1941

No party tonight. Not in the mood to celebrate anything.

January 1st, 1942

It may be a fresh year, but it carries the old one's stink.

Or maybe that's just the unwashed horde I'm training with.

[Letter from Richie/Richie's Journal]

January 2nd, ~~1941~~ 1942

(oops)

Eds,

New Year, same shitty circumstances. Working on a new film soon. My lovely fiancée is set to be my costar, so I'm sure filming will be fun.

And don't worry. I have no plans of getting married without you. Beverly agrees. No matter how long this war lasts.

So make sure you get home safe.

Thinking Of You,
Richie

January 4th, 1942

Started filming the new picture with Bev. I'm glad it's with her, I don't think I'd be able to bring my best with anyone else. But with her it's easy. I'm just glad to have her as a friend.

[Letter from Eddie]

January 8th, 1942

Richie,

Happy New Year to you and Beverly and Stanley too. I miss them almost as much as I miss you, but you always have that way of taking all of the attention. It's been rough here, but most of the guys seem alright. And there's always Bill to talk to. For New Years he told me about the time back when you two tried to sneak into that baseball game. Yeah, I'll be reminding you of that one often.

I hope that new film you told me about is going well. I'll try to see it when it's finished.

One of the guys just asked if I was writing a sweetheart back home. Didn't want to break it to him that I was just writing my ugly best friend, so I took a page out of your book and told him I'd be sure to send his mother my best. Afraid I wasn't as funny as you would be, but I tried.

As Always,

Eddie (Not Eds)

[Eddie's Journal]

January 14th, 1942

Mother died last week.

[Eddie's Journal]

January 15th, 1942

It still hasn't completely settled in that she's gone. I haven't even laid my eyes on her since leaving San Francisco, no matter how much she begged me to come back home. I should have. I thought she was exaggerating her illness like she always did mine.

But she wasn't.

And now she's gone.

And it may be wrong, but a large part of me feels like a weight has lifted. I no longer need to keep the secrets I've been keeping from her. I hadn't even told her I was drafted, as tempting as it was.

I don't know what to tell Richie. He doesn't know how much worse she was after Dad passed. I guess I wanted to keep him safe from her words, even second handed.

It's odd. I still haven't cried.

[Letter from Eddie]

January 17th, 1942

Rich,

Things are much the same. I thought I'd have more to say when I started this letter, but it all seems to have left my mind once I got out my pen. Sorry.

I'll hopefully have more next time, just take this as a promise there will be one.

Yours In Friendship,

Eddie

[Richie's Journal/Letter from Richie]

January 27th, 1942

I'm worried about him. I know he told me not to, but I can't help it. Something is eating at him, but he didn't say what in his last letter. I wish I was there with him.

January 27th, 1942

Eddie,

I don't care if you just write about how annoyed you are with all of your fellow trainees, I'll treasure your letters. You can tell me anything, always.

Stan has started talking with one of the other actresses a lot. It's very sweet. Will keep you updated.

Richie

[Richie's Journal]

February 14th, 1942

Valentine's Day. Kept it simple. Not like I had a choice.

February 19th, 1942

He still hasn't written back. Bill has, and it's the only thing keeping me sane. He said Eddie received some news last month that seems to be what's causing this quietness. No idea what it could be, so I have to wait for him to say. It's maddening.

Visited with Mrs. Umeki again. She brewed us some tea, said she wanted to use it before it's too late. It was delicious.

[Eddie's Journal]

February 27th, 1942

Richie keeps sending letters, but I haven't been able to write him back. I'm not sure what to say. I was never as good with words as others. All I can think of is how much I miss the colors back in California. Everything here is either brown or army green. I miss blue.

[Letter From Eddie]

February 28th, 1942

Richie,

Happy birthday! I'm sorry I'm not there to say it in person, but hopefully you will get this letter in time. I'm using what little free time I have to write this a week ahead of time just so it has a chance.

I really am sorry to miss your big day. I suppose I'll have to make up for it and any others I miss before this war is done. I'll be sure to start planning awhile, so it will be as good as you deserve.

Try not to have too much fun without me. And no lying, I can always write Beverly to get the truth, remember.

[Crossed Out]

All My Best,

Eddie

[Richie's Journal/Eddie's Journal]

March 7th

Another year older and yet no wiser. I guess there's always next year.

Got a letter from Eddie yesterday. Was the best gift I could ask for.

March 7th, 1942

Happy birthday, Rich. Hope Beverly and Stanley are taking you out somewhere nice, you deserve it. Wish I could be there too, but hopefully the letter I sent got there on time.

I miss your voice, and your obnoxious laugh.

[Richie's Journal/Eddie's Journal]

March 18th, 1942

Had to do a scene about 15 times before getting it right. What can I say, it's hard to be funny these days.

March 19th, 1942

I fucking hate this fucking rain and this fucking draft and this fucking war

[Richie's Journal]

March 27th, 1942

They're giving them 6 days to get ready. Not even a week. Seems wrong, but what can I do about it?

April 2nd, 1942

Mrs. Umeki stopped over and asked me to take care of her cat. I promised I would, so now I have a little more company with little Kuro here. I just wish it wasn't because of this. Mrs. Umeki has been running her little shop for years, she barely remembers Japan. There's no way she's a spy. I wish I could help keep her from having to leave, but at least I can make sure Kuro here is safe until she can come home.

[Letter from Richie]

April 3rd, 1942

Eddie,

I guess you heard about the camps. A real lame-brained idea if you ask me, but they never do. Mrs. Umeki from the shop down the way has to go, and they don't let them bring pets, so guess who's now looking after a cat. Yes, she asked me to look after little Kuro for her, and how could I say no?

He cried all last night, after she left. Couldn't understand why his mama left him with this big oaf, I guess. I can relate, in a way. I can understand, sure, but doesn't keep me from crying in the night sometimes.

[crossed out]

Stay safe,

Richie

[Eddie's Journal]

April 4th, 1942

Got to see Richie and Bev's new film. Pretty fun. Forgot how well they play off each other in these kind of films. Felt kind of proud telling some of the others I knew those two.

[Richie's Journal]

April 11th, 1942

Kuro is still getting settled, but he clearly misses Mrs. Umeki... I wish I could tell him I know how he feels, missing someone that bad. I hope we don't have to feel that way too long, but who knows what the future brings.

[Eddie's Journal]

April 15th, 1942

If I get court martialed for anything it will be for murdering Bowers. I swear I saw him going through my things before first call the other day. I thank God I don't have anything compromising with me but the thought of him reading the letters from home makes me feel ill.

April 26th, 1942

The days really run together sometimes. The only thing that really stand out are days I get mail. Thank God for that. Stan tells me all about how his writing is going and also about the birds he sees in the parks, and Beverly

slips me gossip from Hollywood. Richie... [crossed out] Richie gives me jokes. Sometimes they're even funny.

[Richie's Journal]

May 15th, 1942

STOP THE PRESSES!

STANLEY URIS FINALLY HAD DINNER WITH PATRICIA BLUM!

June 5th, 1942

Kuro's finally comfortable enough with me to sleep on the bed with me. It's nice. Makes the bed feel less empty.

[Eddie's Journal]

May 12th, 1942

FUCK OFF BOWERS

June 30th, 1942

It's miserably hot right now. I can't imagine how bad it is back in California.

I'd still prefer being there to here.

July 4th, 1942

Happy Fourth of July, I guess. Who needs fireworks when you got live rounds training?

July 26th, 1942

I wish I had more to write, but the days are just long and exhausting and repetitive at this point. Still dealing with that fucker Bowers.

[Richie's Journal]

June 17th, 1942

Stan got another step closer to actually getting a meeting with a producer. Might get that film made after all! I hope so, it's pretty funny.

July 9th, 1942

It's really fucking hot today. Almost bought two ice creams before I remembered.

Kuro's miserable too. Must be all the fur, poor guy. Almost makes me want to spring for one of those window units, but work isn't that good yet. At least I can go to the theater if it gets too much, but Kuro's out of luck. At least he has the fan.

August 20th, 1942

Summer's almost over. I won't miss it.

[Eddie's Journal]

September 12th, 1942

Well, that's Bowers taken care of. I caught him snooping again and was too tired to do anything but yell at him to get lost. And he pulled his knife on me, the motherfucker. Started yelling all kinds of shit, just as the one instructor was walking by. Bye bye Bowers, you won't be missed

[Richie's Journal]

September 23rd, 1942

Another part wrapped. Nothing big, not a leading role, but it puts food in Kuro's dish and keeps me in paper and ink.

October 2nd, 1942

He's almost done. Letters will probably be less frequent. Gonna have to get used to this V-Mail thing too. God, I hope he stays safe.

[Eddie's Journal]

October 4th 1942

Almost over. Then it's onto wherever they send us...

And I'm a little scared.

Scared of war, sure, but more scared of what it'll turn me into. I've met men who never seemed to make it out of the last one. I don't want to be one of them.

Also part of me is scared my mother was right. That I'll catch some horrible disease and I'll die in a pit over in Europe or Africa or somewhere coughing up blood.

I won't be sleeping well tonight.

October 18th, 1942

Word is we're going to Africa to help there. Not sure if I'll be able to share that with Richie, hear they're pretty strict when it comes to this stuff. Might tell him anyways, let the censors deal with it.

Bill is worried too, I can tell. He's rewritten a letter home at least 5 times so far, muttering to himself. I think he's worried about his younger brother.

Makes me wonder what it'd be like to have a sibling. Would it make growing up easier, if she had two children to worry about, or worse?

Probably worse.